

THE STUDENT'S PEN

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~ f. hibbard ~
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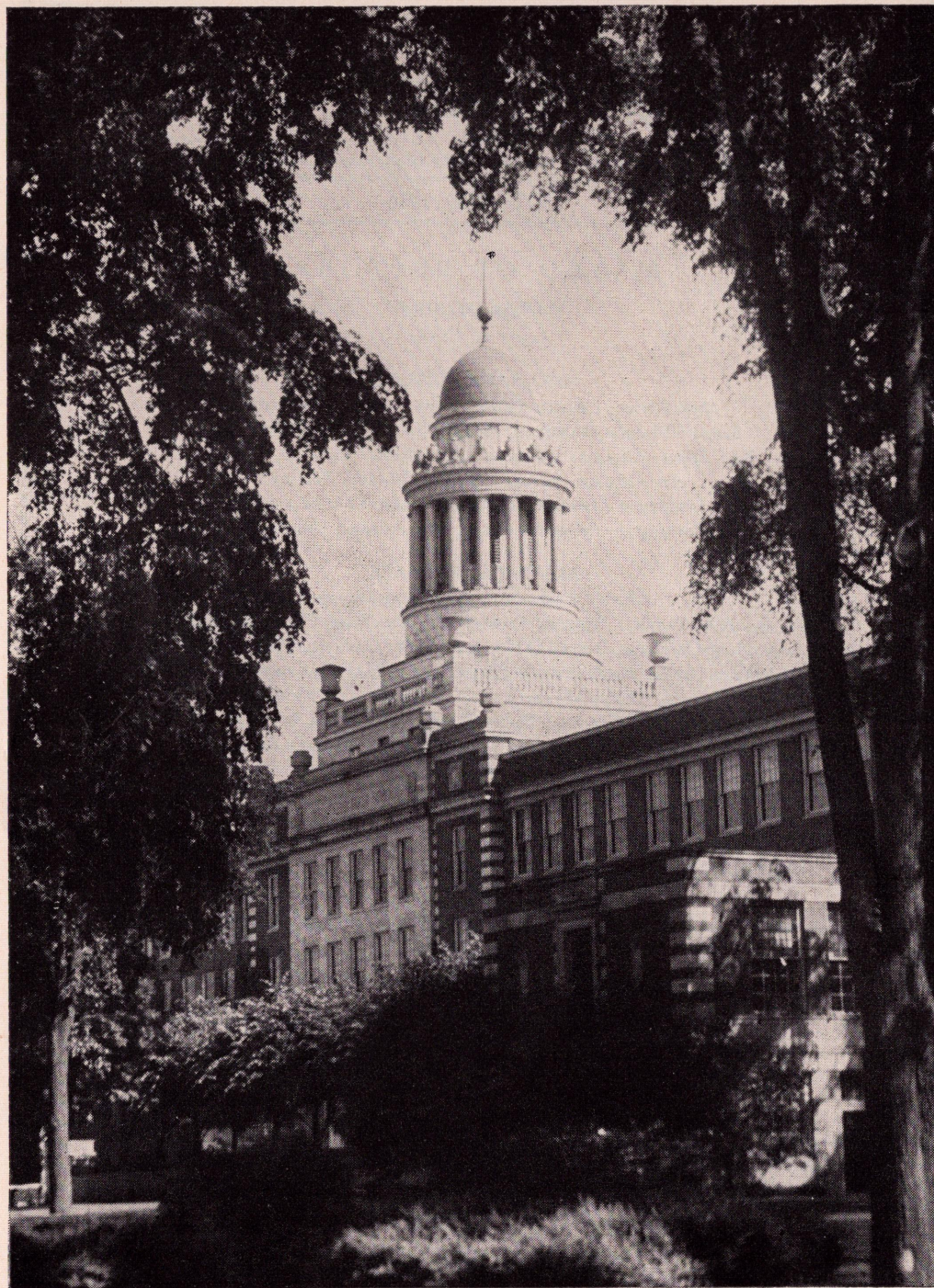
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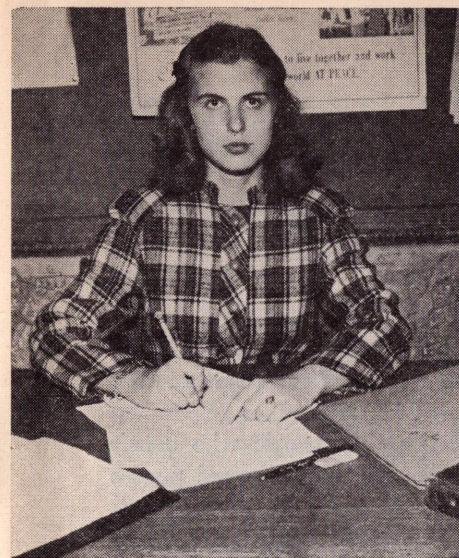
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PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

*"Guardian elm trees cast their shadows
O'er thy ivied walls"*



From the EDITOR'S DESK

"Though 'Tis Thick and Gory"

By Janet Clark

WITH the coming of a new school year, attention has been focused on Pittsfield High's 1946 football team. During the past few weeks there have been many remarks, spoken and written, about its relative merits and demerits. As the PEN goes to press, there are constant changes being made in the line-ups of our teams—a factor which promises results in the near future.

P. H. S. stands back of its team—win or lose—the only proper school spirit to have. Those of us who know the men on our team have faith in their ability to make it a smoothly-working machine with each man performing his own job efficiently, in cooperation with his teammates. All the criticisms that have been made revert to the same principle—whether it is called teamwork, cooperation, or coordination, the meaning is the same. Each exemplifies the fundamental quality a good team must have to be successful.

Whether we have more defeats than victories makes little difference. The questions each student asks are:—

"Is our team improving?—Have they profited by earlier mistakes? Are the boys who really want to play and are willing to work getting their chance?"

These questions have been very definitely answered by Coach Fox through actions which clearly indicate his determination to produce a *team*—in the true sense of the word. Each man must have within himself

the spirit and will to win, coupled with the ability to cooperate successfully with the other members of his team. No one or two players can ever make a victorious team—it will take the combined drive and power which eleven men pulling together can achieve. That is what will make it a championship team—a symbol of the school which each of us has the duty and privilege of supporting.

The confidence and support of all the student body rest with Coach Fox, who has shown his outstanding ability already, and with our team, who we know will try to the best of their ability to make a record of which we may all be proud.

A word of praise is also due at this time to our other fine coaches: Kowalski, Goyette, and Hickey, whose fine work is much appreciated by both the team and the students.

Individual credit to any team member would hardly seem appropriate after stressing the extreme importance of their coordination as a group. However, our captain, Bill Flynn, deserves recognition for his untiring efforts to bring our team up to the standard our coach has set and is striving to attain.

Spirit must come primarily from the students, who comprise the cheering section at games and who believe in the boys who don our school colors to defend us on the gridiron. Without our wholehearted support, the team can never hope to reach the top.

How about it?—Can we win?

Characters En Route

By Bruce Williams

EVERY once in a while I go on a jaunt that may extend from Pittsfield to Boston, or from my home to Park Square, but no matter how long it is, I meet "characters." Travel by bus is really more profitable though, because, first, the trip is usually shorter; second, one doesn't get so bored; and third, the occurrence of occasional bus-stops adds much zest to the ride.

Any experienced traveler will be able to pick out and classify the great majority of people on buses and trains. On buses we have first of all, the bored sophisticate who "really cawn't be bothered" with his partner. This type is not very bothersome to the character-seeker, for it is almost always accompanied by the chatter-box sort who just has to "bubble". From this second type you hear, despite your protests, all about her daughter Marge's latest beau, her cousin Susie's new dog, and "really, my deah, isn't the scenery just too simply devastating?"

No trip on a bus would be complete without the child who brightly informs you that, "I'm my mommie's only child! But she's promised to get me a baby brother someday!" at which Momma blushes coyly.

The temptation of the cord which rings a buzzer signaling the driver to stop is too much for our golden-haired child. And who knows but what some day the temptation of little brats will stir our itching hands to action?

On a train, though, you meet many people who are entirely different from the ones I have just mentioned.

In the first place, on a train you find about three persons busy catching up on their lost sleep. Such a feat is impossible on a bus because of the bumpy roads, and abominable seats.

Also, on trains, you see a minimum of half a dozen females of assorted sizes, shapes, and

ages, all calmly applying "Honey", "Captured", "Danger", and "Fire Alarm!" to their lips.

Almost a rarity are people who quietly amuse themselves with cross-word puzzles and other "mind-raisers." But the same is certainly not true of the people who are kept in an uproarious debate by their warmed-up and hashed-over versions of what Gabriel Heatter said last night, why the Germans should be punished, and what to do about the meat situation, along with other amazing platitudes on an almost endless list of subjects.

No, no life would be complete, rich, or interesting without the railroads and buses. On them you will see and hear many things that will either advance or retard your pursuit of the Social Studies!

NATURE'S PORTRAIT

By Alma Rosenfield

The tapestry of earth is spun with gold,
Mingled with brown and hues of crimson
sheen;

And now the crowning wealth of emerald
green,

With all of summer's glory, on has rolled.
And we, with wide and eager eyes, behold
The regal beauty of this noble scene,
Where vivid trees against the bright sun lean
As if within their arms its light to hold.

Gaze long upon this view for 'twill be past
When all the tints of autumn fade from sight
As fades Apollo's sun before the night;
And when the leaves fall from the trees at
last,

The world will be besieged by winter's
blight,

And nature's portrait covered o'er with
white.

First Football Game

By Jeanne O'Donnell

THE spikes on Johnny's heels dug deep grooves in the soft dirt. The sweat from his back trickled slowly downward. His legs felt weak. With all the paddings and extra weight, Johnny wasn't sure he'd hold out the day of the big game. Even though this was only practice, Johnny knew it was important to keep in trim. He had done his best at every workout.

Now, he stood up, stretched, adjusted his pads and started for the school gym, feeling as stiff as a board. Inside, he undressed and took a cool, brisk

shower. The hot, then cold water, made him shiver with a sudden shock—it felt refreshing. As he tied his worn, much-used ox-fords, he felt scared—only two more days!

Johnny wished his dad could be there to watch him play. His father had joined the Air Force when Johnny was only ten. Now, in his sixteenth year, Johnny had begun to realize how much a father meant to a boy. A year before, in April, when Johnny was fifteen, his father had been reported missing—shot down over the Alps. Even though it had been a terrific shock, Johnny knew that his father would never want him to be a cry-baby.

All the while he was dressing and all the way home, Johnny thought about his father and the game.

At length the great day came. The bleachers were almost full. Johnny, watching from off field, felt sudden dizziness. His first big game and all these people! He gulped. Over to the left the coach was examining

some of the boys to see that they had been careful to dress properly. Soon the team would be out in the field limbering up. Then the game would begin.

He looked at the big clock on the scoreboard. Twenty more minutes to game time. Johnny heard the coach say, "Remember,

fellows, you're just as good as they are, even if they are bigger than many of you. Give this game all you've got! O.K., out on the field." The team formed two long lines and did some tackling and exercises for ten minutes.

As Johnny walked back to the bench, his padded helmet in his hand, he stopped to see if what the coach had said about the opposing team was true.

"Gosh," he thought, "they all must be at least two hundred pounders! Maybe they just look big."

Johnny's fingers tightened around the helmet; he walked up to the bench and sat down, looking around to see if he could find his mother. His eyes wandered around through the growing crowd until he located



her. There she was,—way up in the seventh row. He smiled and waved. He hoped she'd remember that he was Number Eighty-six and not Number Sixty-eight. Mom never did understand football.

"Johnny—Johnny Rogers!" Someone pushed through the impatient line of boys and thrust a newspaper at Johnny. He looked up. It was Bill Franka, Captain, smiling and saying, "Well, read it, Johnny—read it!"

Johnny smoothed out the paper and the picture on the first page made his eyes pop. "It's Dad, it—it's Dad!" he cried. He read the little column that was below the picture: "Air Force Pilot John Rogers, who has been reported missing a year, was found early this month in the Northern Alps suffering from amnesia, and living in a cave. Upon recovery he will be sent to his home in Massachusetts where his wife and son, John, Jr., reside."

Johnny's eyes misted with uncontrollable tears. "My gosh—oh, my gosh!" He waved the paper at his mother. He could see her smile and call to him. He knew she must have said something like, "Isn't it wonderful, Johnny? Your Dad—back home and safe!"

Just then the whistle blew, and the teams began forming in the field. Johnny got up on unsteady legs and ran to his place at right end. Everyone was quiet—waiting for the second whistle. Johnny's eyes were on the football. The whistle blew; the game was on.

Johnny watched the ball fly into the air. He ran to the left. Many hands fumbled for the pigskin, but Johnny finally made it;—then the race was on. Fifty—thirty—twenty—Johnny dodged here and there. His hands were slippery against the ball. "Come on, feet—this is one time you've got to win. This is a real occasion!"

Up in the bleachers his mother's eyes strained to see the flash that was Number Eighty-six. She knew he'd make it! Johnny Rogers, Senior had done his best. Now it was Johnny Junior's turn.



AUTUMN IN MASSACHUSETTS

By Patricia Adams

The fields of wheat, the gardens old, and
pumpkins ripening in the fall,
The leaves are gay, the bonfires warm;
but, ah! that is not all.

No! look across those fields of wheat to the
mountains red and gold,
And listen now to the harsh, loud notes of
the screaming bluejays bold.

The days are short and crisper too; the
sunrise is best of all,
After the splendor of rosy hues, it looks
like a golden ball.

The turn-out for the football game, the
rousing songs and cheers,
The sophomore proms, the football dance
bring memories and tears.

All too soon the autumn ends, and the winter
winds blow round
But we talk about these autumn days when
snow has covered the ground.

A-Golfing We Did Go

By Marion Ransford

WE started out full of enthusiasm and full of the joy of life. We'd planned for three years to make just such a start as this, with a bright sun, blue sky, and cool breeze—and at last we were on our way—to the golf course.

Confidently we hiked along; bravely we climbed the hill to the club house; like veterans we tramped to the counter and paid our greens fees; hesitantly we asked for a caddy.

By the time we reached the first tee, we were absolutely certain that we could—after the third swing—hit the ball. It took seven or eight tries, but what difference did that make?—we hit it. We teed off, with our caddy very discreetly holding the bag of clubs before his face, while queer noises issued forth from behind the bag.

After an interminably long time we reached the first hole. We turned to the caddy whose quick change of expression did not escape us. Kathie asked him how we had done on that first hole. Struggling for a neutral look on his face and a calm controlled voice, he told us, "Both eighteen."

"What's par?"

"Well," it was as though he was trying to save us from embarrassment, "ah-er-three."

We looked at each other aghast.

One word escaped us both. A long-drawn-out, "Ooohhhh." We were absolutely, positively deflated.

But blindly, innocently we chalked it up to experience—or the lack of it—and went bravely onward. The second hole was merely a repetition of the first. By the time we reached the third hole we were just going on because we wouldn't give in. At the fourth hole we couldn't even see the ball, let alone hit it! When we arrived at the fifth hole we were mortified to death. Imagine us playing

a game like this. What if it was our first attempt at golf! Who would have guessed that there was so much to a silly little game where you hit a little white ball with a spindly, club-footed cane? It was all nonsense!

At the sixth hole we left. Mind you, we didn't say *quit*! We left! We abandoned the course much less full of enthusiasm, very weary, and a "hole" lot wiser.

LAMENT

By Marion Ransford

Why is it that your friends,
When you want to be alone,
Come flocking to your doorway
And tire you with their "pomes"?

They write about their loves,
They write about their homes,
They write about their animals,
And their love of ice-cream cones.

They bore you with their story,
They bore you with their tone,
And, oh, you wish they'd go away
And let you write your own!

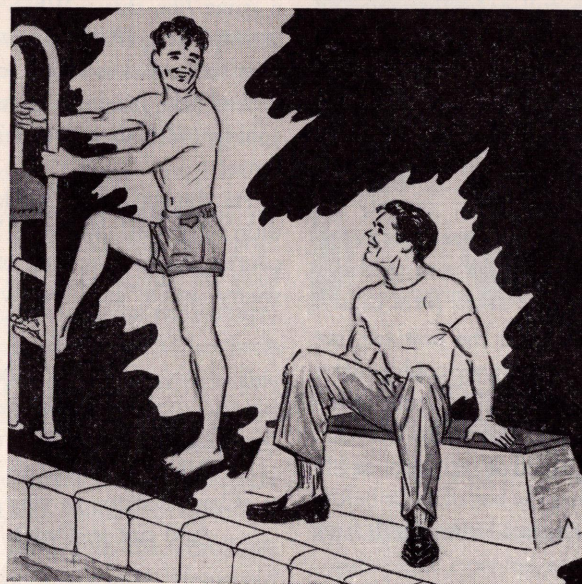
LEAVES

By Rita Jean Ross

Oh! look at them fall upon the ground;
Then skip and jump with a crackling sound
Like little children who came out to play
With so much to do, so much to say.
They have a language all of their own,
Like colors that are so proudly shown.
Many are yellow, as bright as gold,
Some are crimson, both loud and bold.
Their work is done, they're going away;
Now Nature has called it another day.

Regular Fellow

By Diana Fink



THE study hall, especially the back of it, buzzed with excitement. And they really had something to be excited about.

John Scott, recently of Uncle Sam's Marine Corps, was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to Elmvale High, the dream boy of every girl in the school.

The boys admired him, too (and this was something unusual for a Joe's first day.) What with those shoulders and those muscles the football team need lack no talent.

Johnny Scott was a pretty popular boy the first few weeks, with the girls swooning and the boys contemplating the football season.

Yes, they thought he was a great guy. But one day—

As usual, a gang was gathered around the main bulletin board at lunch period, but this time it was for something special. Coach Hardy had posted a notice asking all candidates for the football team to report to the gym that afternoon.

"Gee! If I were only about fifteen pounds heavier," said one forlorn student.

"Guess I'll try out. Who knows, I might be star quarterback. How about Large Charge here?"

The question was directed toward Johnny. "Well, I-uh-you see, I don't sorta care for football." Crimson-faced, he walked away.

The group stood aghast.

"What is he, a tenderfoot? Is he scared?" they asked. "I guess we had that guy figured out all wrong. I'm sure glad we found out about him."

There was one thing that had to be said about Johnny though—he was an excellent student and he really studied hard. (Don't get the idea that he was a grind, though.) Two years overseas had made him really appreciate his opportunity now.

Fall came and went. The football season was over. Johnny had attended all the games,

but he was a spectator sport and no one could figure out why.

With the approach of winter, Elmvale High started making plans for its swimming team.

Coach Hardy was mighty proud of his athletes. For years they had taken almost all the championships in the county.

As the day of tryouts drew near, the fellows could talk of nothing else. The list of potential Weissmullers grew. And again John Scott's name did not appear.

"That guy's got everything it takes to make the team except nerve. When's he going to get some of that?" grumbled some of the boys.

As try-out day finally came, Tony Carlo drew Johnny aside. "Come on, pal," he said, "and watch us make with the fins. Maybe you'll learn to like the stuff."

Reluctantly Johnny went with his friends to the locker rooms.

Contestants were eliminated one by one. Finally only those able to compete in the finals were left.

"Okay, fellows," cried the coach. "You may stay and practice for tomorrow if you

like, but be sure to knock off before five." And with long strides he left the gym.

"Hey! Hot Rock! Watch this one." Tony, perched on the board, hailed his friend and then did a neat jack-knife into the pool below.

Watching in astonishment, Johnny saw bubbles rise where Tony had entered the water, but Tony did not come up. He had struck the cement bottom of the pool head on.

Like a flash Johnny was off the side and into the water. He dragged Tony out of the pool, brought him to the gym floor, and, with the aid of the others, administered artificial respiration.

About a week later Tony and Jerry Lang were discussing the event as they walked down the hall.

"—And we certainly did him an injustice. Why, he didn't even stop to think of himself when he pulled me out!"

"Yeah, I know. Great guy. I was talking to my brother last night; you know he's just come home from the Pacific. They were buddies overseas, my brother and Johnny. Johnny does pretty well for a guy with an artificial leg, doesn't he?"

THE ORIGINAL CRAZY VERSE

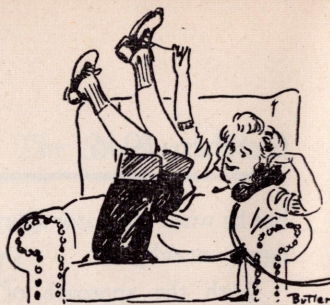
By Marion F. Ransford

In the little town of Rocky Ledge
There was a house around a hedge;
The chimney stood by the fireplace grate,
And the people lived in the picket fence gate;
The roof was of stone and the doors the same;
The windows of oak were of world-wide fame;
The people wore hats where their shoes should be
The shoes were of silk and as thin as could be
And were worn upon hands as gloves, you see;

The barn was inside the living room door;
Its roof was on the side instead of over the floor.
The cows and chickens and pigs and hens,
All had horns in the shape of N's.
This funny little house and its funny little people,
Its funny little roof and its crazy little steeple,
The funny little pigs and chickens and cows,
All lived in the crazy little country of How!
Now don't you like this tale? And what a tale!

WOW!!!

Who's Who



CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

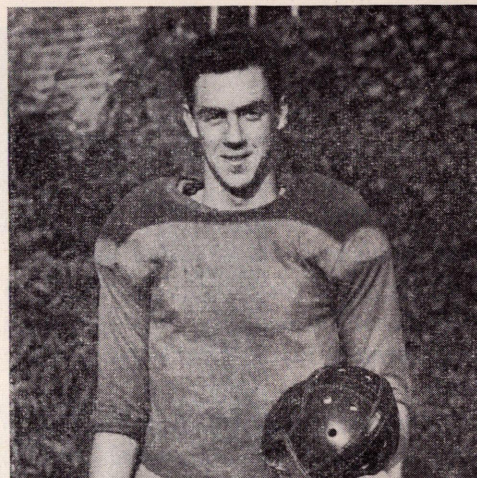
Everyone recognizes this smile as belonging to our popular captain of the P. H. S. football team, Bill Flynn.

Being very bashful, it was extremely difficult to extract any information from Bill but, of course, his favorite sport is football.

As for girls he says, quote, "I hate 'em". We must mention here, however, that he says it with very little conviction.

Needless to say, "Flynnie", like all boys, loves to eat. He likes food in general and "Ma Bianchi's" spaghetti in particular.

Bill's objective after graduation is either Holy Cross or Fordham University.



"IRISH"

Here, with baton in hand, and a bright smile on her face, is the peppy drum major of P. H. S., Betty Ann Dwyer. When she's not twirling a baton, Betty, or "Irish", likes to fish, play tennis, and dance. "To Each His Own", Irish stew, (no connection!), and pineapple pie top this blue-eyed senior's list of favorites, while her pet peeve is, according to Betty Ann, "Doing what I'm supposed to do when I'm supposed to do it."

She is very ambitious—says she'd like to keep all the teachers happy! Lots of luck, Betty Ann!



POINT SCORER

"Rah! Tony! Rah, Sacchetti! Rah! rah! Tony Sacchetti!" You've heard this cheer after a touchdown and in the conversion when the ball sailed gracefully over the goal posts, so now meet the dynamic sophomore who scores the extra point. Tony says he likes (??) being a sophomore and thinks the seniors are okay (only okay?) He likes school except for the task of getting up early. His favorite sport is, of course, football, with baseball running second. After he graduates he plans to go to business college.



PAT O'HEARN

The young lady you see busily taking notes is Patricia O'Hearn, better known as Pat. Almost everyone knows Pat, for her interests are many and varied.

We had quite a time catching this busy senior for this interview, but luck favored us, and we managed to find out, among other things, that her favorite dish is spaghetti and meat balls, and in music her tastes run to classics, but she likes popular music, too.

Besides being a loyal rooter at football and basketball games, Pat is a senior class counselor and home-room treasurer; moreover she is Girls' Sports Editor for the PEN, and a fine job she does, too.

For a good all-round P. H. S. girl, we give you Pat O'Hearn.

MIGHTY MITE

Here's a little senior with a big job. Yes, this is Marjorie Sullivan, School Notes editor for THE PEN. You've probably seen her dashing around school, her hands filled with papers, tracking down some overdue assignment.

Even though she's under five feet, and ninety pounds, she still likes to eat. She says she likes almost everything from soup to nuts. In accordance, her favorite pastime is cooking (she even eats what she cooks! !) In school she's assistant chairman of an Honor Study Hall. In her spare time she's a member of Alpha-Tri-Hi-Y.

She hopes to enter Massachusetts State College next fall where she'll major in Home Economics. From there on, she only says, "Who knows?"

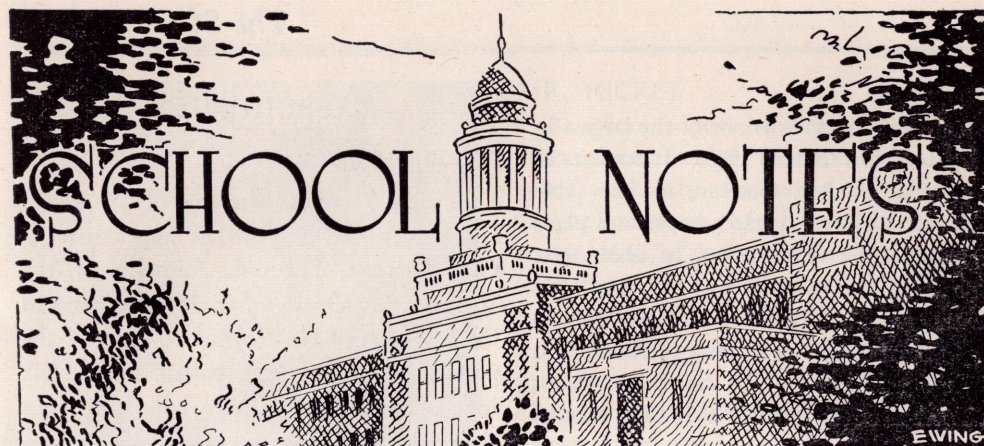
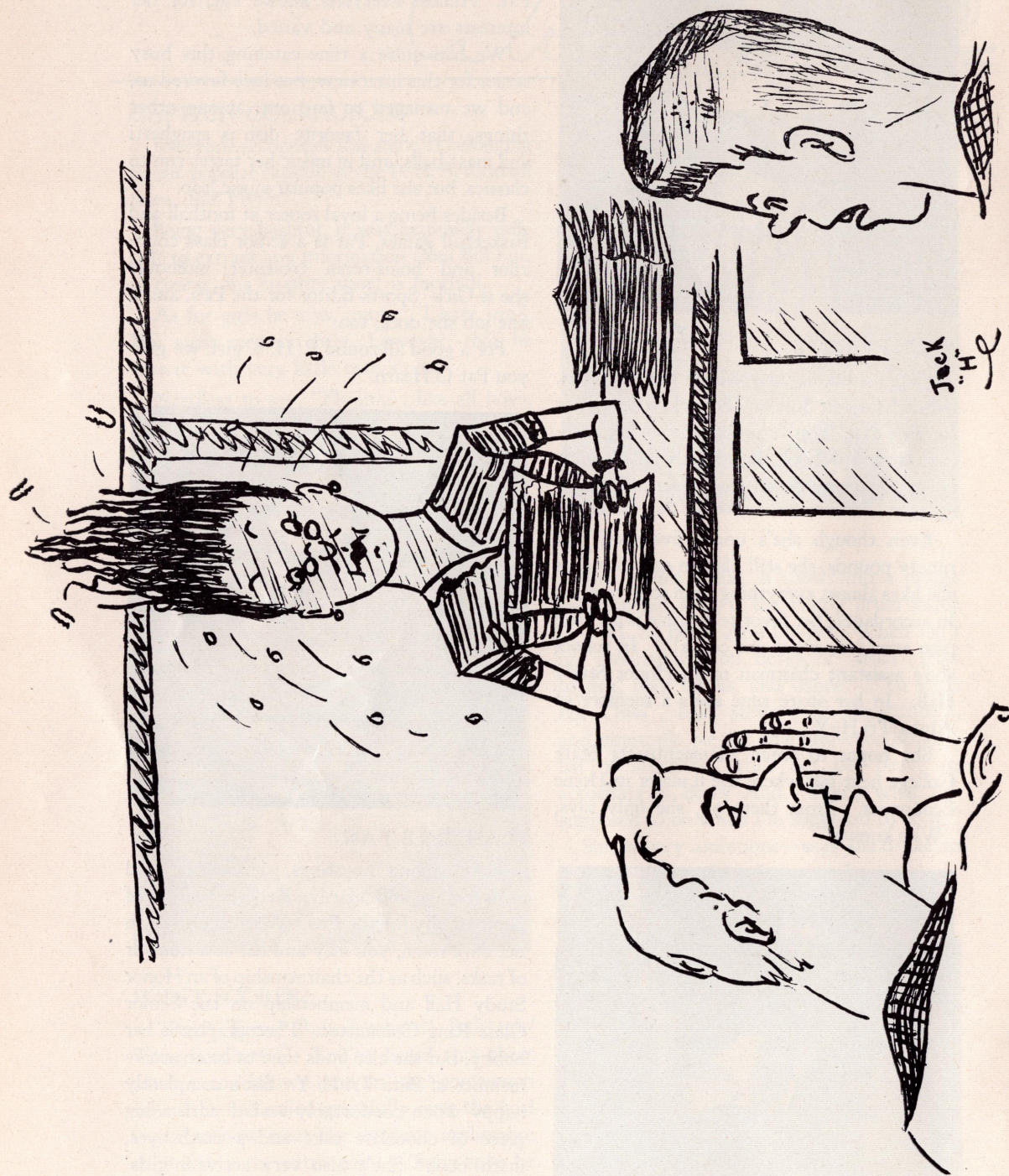


FLASHBULB FAN

Here among negatives, developers, and enlargers we find Marilyn Reder, co-editor of photography for the PEN. When she's not in her dark-room, you may find her at a number of tasks, such as the chairmanship of an Honor Study Hall and membership on the Senior Class Ring Committee. Photography is her hobby, but she also finds time to be an active member of Beta Tri-Hi-Y. She's completely happy when comfortably seated with a big piece of chocolate cake and a math (yes, math) book! She's also very active in girls' sports and likes to dance.

Her ambition is to install escalators in P. H. S. She has no pet peeves, which probably accounts for her great number of friends.





SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Senior elections were held October 15th giving us the following officers: *President*, Martin Flynn; *Vice President (Boy)*, William Paris; *Vice President (Girl)*, Rosemary Durwin; *Secretary*, Jacqueline Gagnier; *Treasurer*, Fay Canavan.

Senior ring orders are in and the seniors should be wearing their rings sometime before Christmas.

Margaret Beahan is chairman of the Senior Good Will Committee and is anxious to hear of any senior who is in the hospital or in need of a bit of cheer from the Senior Class. Please contact her in Room 208 regarding any seniors in that category.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club is once again off to a fine start. It has already had two meetings. At the first, on September the 14th, the following officers were elected: Joan Dennison, vice-president; Nancy Knoblock, recording secretary; Robert Wyble, corresponding secretary; Priscilla Parsons, treasurer; Patricia Williams, librarian; Robert Lauth, chairman of the program committee; John Stebbins, chairman of the reporting committee; Joan Holleran and Myrtle Youngs, co-chairmen of the sunshine committee. Selma Garbowit was elected president at the annual meeting last May.

During the second meeting the two motion pictures that are to be discussed at the Club's third meeting were announced. They are the films, "Gallant Journey" and "Make Mine Music." A new system of discussing the films was introduced. A member of the club will be chosen to lead the discussion on each film. Patricia Williams was chosen for the picture "Gallant Journey" and Robert Lauth led the discussion of "Make Mine Music."

The best part of the meeting was furnished by Mr. William T. Powell, the district manager of Western Massachusetts Theaters, Inc. He gave a very interesting talk on "Movies—Past and Present." Mr. Powell's talk caught the imagination of all as he went back twenty years to the beginning of motion pictures and recounted his own experiences in the film industry. It greatly pleased and amazed the group when, in the question period, Mr. Powell related an account of an usher whom he had employed for some time in his theater in Newport, R. I. It seems that the usher's name was Van Johnson—the same Van Johnson who is now that bobby sox idol.

Mr. Powell, in closing, offered to the club an award to be given at the close of the year, to the student who does the most for the club.

It is through the efforts of Miss Hodges, the founder and advisor for the club since 1937, that Mr. Powell was able to appear and to her a vote of thanks is due.

THE BAND

The band this year is one of the largest in the history of Pittsfield High. It consists of eighty pieces. Mr. Gorman, its very able conductor, has even greater hopes and plans to increase the organization to about one hundred pieces by the first of the year. We have already had evidence that our players have a perfection not ordinarily found in a high school band. There can be no doubt about it that this year's band is the best of them all.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra, also under the direction of F. Carl Gorman, has fifty members this year and it can be expected to give a very good account of itself during the coming year. The concert mistress for the coming year will be Miss Charlotte Eberwein, a veteran orchestra member. The operetta orchestra for the operetta "Pinafore" will consist of twenty-seven picked members of the regular orchestra and will be given special training in their parts by Mr. Gorman.

GLEE CLUB NEWS

This year the Glee Club opened with an enrollment of 193 girls, which is one of the largest glee clubs Pittsfield High School has ever had. Its able music supervisor, Mr. F. Carl Gorman, has chosen for study several selections which he hopes to have sung at the Glee Club's annual concert in May. Consequently, the girls are now practicing "Calm is the Night" and "Sanctus" from the inspiring "St. Cecelia Mass."

THE RIFLE CLUB

The Rifle Club is a relatively new organization in Pittsfield High. Its advisor is Mr. Francis Sheridan of Room 205 but, as yet, no officers have been elected for the coming year. A constitution has been drawn up and everything is ready to go as soon as a range can be provided. For further news, watch your daily bulletin.

Assemblies

PIERO PIEROTIC

October 7 marked the first of this year's P. H. S. assemblies by the appearance of Piero Pierotic, baritone, formerly of the Vienna State Opera. Mr. Pierotic devoted the first part of his program to some of the popular songs, an Irish ballad, and a folk song of his own Dalmatian homeland. For the second portion he became Rigoletto from Verdi's great opera of the same name and portrayed the scene in which the broken-hearted father implores the contemptuous courtiers to return his daughter. During the costume change, the skillful accompanist played a few selections of his own choosing and then called for requests from the audience.

HOUSE OF MAGIC

On September 30 the House of Magic opened its doors to give us here at P. H. S. a thrilling glimpse of what goes on in General Electric's busy laboratories.

Mr. William Gluesing, the clever and humorous master of ceremonies, demonstrated that electricity is not a "mysterious something which we know nothing about" but a useful reality. He explained that the varied effects produced by it depend on the control. These controls are many. Light is one, as shown by the electric eye; or the approach of a body as shown by the burglar alarm; or sound. There was a seemingly obedient train which we found was really guided by the number of syllables in each command.

Yes, the more we saw of it, the more we realized the thousands of useful tasks electricity can and will be made to do. By the way, has anyone made up his mind what happens to all those little dots underneath the stroboscopic light? Do they fall off the edge of the disk or hide behind it?



MISS LILLIAN PREDIGER

MEET THE FACULTY

Down in Room 204, you will find Miss Lillian A. Prediger, teaching United States History.

This jolly, good-natured member of the faculty, was graduated from Smith College, and later attended Columbia University for one summer. Before coming to Pittsfield High Miss Prediger taught at Mercer School.

Her hobbies are reading, and listening to symphonic and operatic music. (As for jazz, that's strictly "taboo"). She also likes to travel.

The only thing that she thoroughly dislikes is the cold New England weather. Incidentally, her main ambition in life is, "to find a warm, steam-heated apartment!"

Some of Miss Prediger's pet peeves are: the snap-snap of chewing gum in class, or that always-out-of-tune whistling in the corridor. She claims definitely that girls chatter more in study hall than boys do.

As for the pupils in general, she thinks that they are more serious about their work this year, and on the whole, she thinks they are all grand.

To which P. H. S. students might add, "We think the same of you, Miss Prediger."

MR. HICKEY

As school reopened this fall and we again observed our faculty, we noticed that a few new faces had been added to the collection. One newcomer was Mr. Edward Hickey. Of course, most of us knew him, but not as a teacher at P. H. S. We had probably had him either at Plunkett or Central. Yet, some of the boys might have remembered him from the days when, as a Supervisor of Physical Education at our Junior Highs, he instructed them on how to become a Charles Atlas.

There needn't be anything said about how we feel on having Mr. Hickey as a teacher here at school. We all hope he realizes how much we like him and how much we appreciate the knowledge he is giving us in English and on the football field.

MR. MASSIMIANO

Mr. Carmen Massimiano, who has just returned from the Army Air Force, is now teaching algebra at P. H. S. After joining the service in 1942, he served as supervisor of instructions at the pre-flight school, Maxwell Field, Alabama, for two years. During the twenty-eight months on the staff of Headquarters of Air Transport Command, he traveled all over the world.

Before entering the Army, Mr. Massimiano taught at Tucker Junior High School.

SENIOR HELPERS

Don't get excited and don't jump to conclusions! The school hasn't employed any new athletic instructors. The girls you see taking charge of sections of the gym classes are just the senior gym helpers. They are girls who have been very active in sports and who are a great help and inspiration (we hope) to the juniors and sophomores.

These ambitious girls are Rosemary Eagan, Doris Lutz, Louise Wiley, Shirley Ingewitter, Beth Harrington, Barbara Komunicki, Mildred Barnes, Barbara Nicholls, Lorraine Hanford, Joan Hassett, Emma Lewis, and Rita Kushi.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

By Arnold B. Arrowitz and Donald A. Rose

ONCE again the Vocational Department is undergoing preparations for what appears to be the most active season in the school's nine year existence. The Vocational School in nine years has had an almost spectacular growth. Starting out with only a few shops, the school now ranks among the finest in the state. If figures prove anything, and they usually do, last year the department had an enrollment of only 166, compared to an enrollment of 229 this year, plus 97 pupils in the General Vocational Section, and many more veterans. And, for the first time since the founding of the school, many pupils could not be accommodated for the lack of space and equipment.

The drafting and woodworking departments have directly and indirectly been working out with the football team. The drafting department has contributed plans for a rubbing table, which the woodworking department is now making. The wood shop has also contributed a solid oak bucking and charging machine to the team, and a drying rack for uniforms was also made. The drafting and woodworking departments are also working together on a parts rack for the Read School Supply Room.

The printing presses are rolling again, and are turning out a great deal of creditable work. The signs, tickets, and programs for the Booster Night Football game were printed in the P. H. S. print shop. The shop, in cooperation with the National Graphic Arts Education Association, will again enter an essay contest for which last year two local prizes were given, and a certificate was presented to the shop. The contest is judged by prominent authors and writers, and offers annually as awards many worthwhile scholarships and cash prizes.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

After eight weeks of school last summer's vacation is a thing of the past. Gone but not forgotten are the happy, carefree days of the "good ole' summer time". Asked how they spent their vacations, teachers and students replied like this:

BERN DONNELLY—Worshipping the sun (next door).

DOT PRENDERGAST—At Hampton Beach—getting at "tan"tion.

JOAN HOLLERAN—At Wahconah "in a fog."

MARY GRANFIELD—"Doin' what comes Nat "jerry"ly."

JERRY SCUTT—Working for the "D.P.W."

MR. McMAHON—Working for Farrell, the painter, "painting the town red."

JANET ELLIS—Washing dishes (by machine, of course).

MISS DALY—Learning about our South American neighbors.

BILL FLYNN—Spent my evenings at 33 Harding St.

MR. CONROY—Teaching G.I.'s and exchanging army yarns.

TONY SACCHETTI—Attending Boys' Club Summer Camp.

LORRAINE NORTHWOOD—Worrying about who would take my place in daily arguments with Mr. Hennessey.

IRMA RABINER—Learning how to be a farmerette.

JOAN HASSETT—Working hard at loafing.

MR. HENNESSEY—Spent two weeks at the Cape admiring the scenery.

BILL PARIS—I worked on a fountain—"soda-jerk" to you.

BARB NICHOLLS—watching the St. Joe football team practice.

MARCIA WELLER—watching the pounds go by.



Richard Lederer, whom all of our P. H. S. students remember as Dick, has given that valuable service of his to the Coast Guard. He is stationed at Narragansett, Rhode Island.

Little Joanie Burns, who wanted to ski down Greylock, won't get the chance this year as she is attending Duke University.

"1946's most likely to succeed boy"—Chuck Volk—is now in the Marines stationed at Parris Island. We all hope he has "the situation well in hand."

Barb Goldsmith, whose ambition at graduating was "to find the silver lining," is "Somewhere over the Rainbow" at Larson Junior College in New Haven. P.S. Yale is a block from Larson.

Speaking of Yale—1946's class president, Bill Hearn, is taking his college course at Yale. Good luck, Bill.

Athena D. Giftos, whose knowledge won her a scholarship, is happy in her college career at Bates.

The outstanding athlete of 1946 and winner of the famous "Tommy Curtin" medal—Al Bianchi—is attending Cranwell Preparatory School.

"Bobby" Kinghorn was one lucky girl this year. Out of every thirteen girls applying for entrance to Massachusetts State College only

one was chosen, and she was one! Did you have a four leaf clover or a rabbit's foot, Bobby?

The class of '46 really went to the Army and Navy. The army took "Win" Gutmann, "Murph" Connors, Joe Bolster, Jimmy Coughlin, Bob Everhardt and Bus Prendergast. The navy did equally well with Ya Ya Cronin, Jack Leahy and Augie Marra to help them.

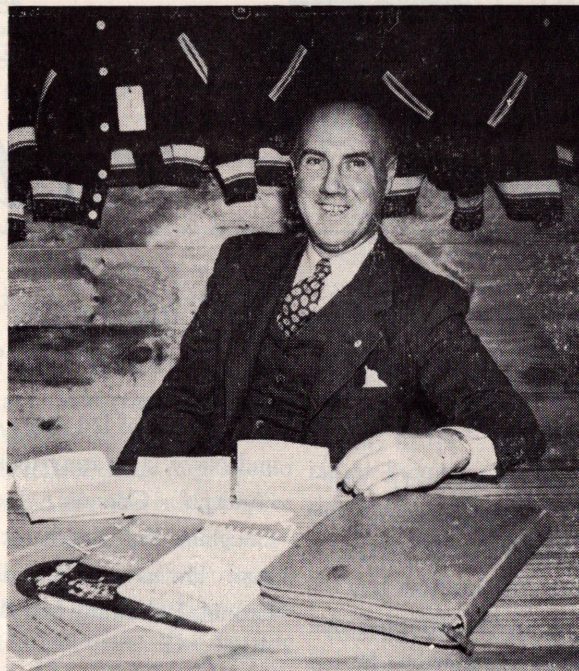
If your telephone wires are crossed of late, blame it on the girls of '46. Marge Theboda, Martha Overbaugh, Connie Warren, Carol Gerlach and Barb Krause are all working at the New England Telephone Company. We have no complaints though, girls.

Mary Morano and Betty Kreiger evidently had the same college in mind in their senior year. They were among the very few girls accepted at Massachusetts State College.

Barbara McNeice, whose ambition is to be the greatest chemist in the U. S. is attending the College of St. Rose.

Jeanne "Cooky" Cusato, a very active "cracker" in the P. H. S. class of '46, is now at Skidmore.

Here, teachers, is a prospective member of the Pittsfield High Faculty—by name, Marjorie Cowley. Marj is at Bridgewater State Teachers College.



Mr. ARTHUR FOX
Athletic Coach at P. H. S.

Introducing Coach Fox

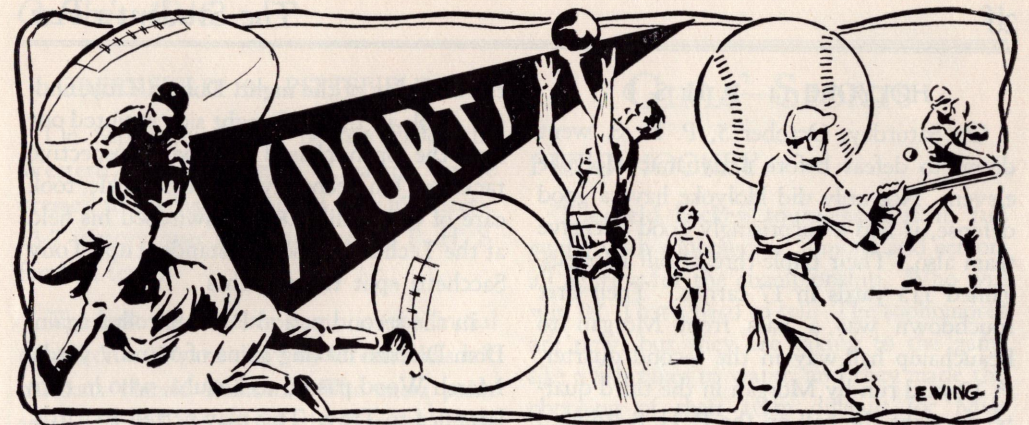
THE new coach of P. H. S. athletics is Mr. Arthur Fox. He is a graduate of Searles High School, Brown Preparatory School, and Brown University. While at Brown, Coach Fox played on the eleven that gave Dartmouth its only defeat of the 1919 season. His first coaching job was at Cushing Academy, where among his other duties he had to coach the girls' basketball team. One of the subs under the young coach was the movie actress, Bette Davis.

After two years at Cushing, he became

varsity baseball coach at Williams, remaining there for four years. In 1930, Coach Fox went to Adams High and there is no need to tell any ardent P. H. S. fans of his championship teams there.

Coach Fox also has had a professional career, having played pro football for the Baltimore team and pro baseball for the Hartford Chiefs of the Eastern League.

Coming to Pittsfield in September of this year, Coach Fox opens a new era in the history of Pittsfield High sports.



PITTSFIELD 14—DRURY 7

The five thousand fans at Wahconah Park, Monday night, October 21, saw a determined P. H. S. football team rise up from the floor of defeat and strike twice to overcome a seven point lead which Drury held at half time.

The first period found Drury twice failing to score after plunging deep into Pittsfield territory. In the closing minutes of the first quarter, Drury recovered a fumble on the 26. In the first play of the second quarter, Joe Arabia scored after taking a pass from Eddie Pilot on the 15. Drury led at half time 7 to 0.

Donnie Troy took the second half's opening kickoff on his own 12 and, to the consternation of the Drury rooters, jaunted 88 yards for a touchdown. Not a hand touched him; the blocking was excellent. "Tony" Sacchetti tied the score by splitting the up-rights.

Early in the fourth period Pittsfield marched 75 yards in 17 plays, making 4 first downs. Marsh Wood, on a triple reverse, passed to Billy Flynn in the end zone to put Pittsfield ahead. "Tony" Sacchetti kicked his second extra point of the night. The final score read: P. H. S. 14—Drury 7.

Ends Billy Flynn and Bill Horne and tackle Johnny Trasatti were iron men. Terry Munevich, Donnie Troy, and Jerry Scutt were good defensively for Pittsfield. The speedy Troy and driving Bill Paris were Pittsfield's heavy ground gainers.

ADAMS 13—PITTSFIELD 0

On the rain soaked, mud-bogged Renfrew Field in Adams, a Columbus Day crowd of three thousand watched a snappy Adams High team beat P. H. S. 13 to 0.

It was early in the first period that Adams' supremacy was felt. Attacking continuously on the ground, Adams pushed deep into Pittsfield territory. Twice, the excellent kicking of Marsh Wood stamped the Adams advances.

Finally, in the second period, the Adams tide broke. The team marched 82 yards downfield, making 4 first downs and Angelo Decensi pushed over from the one yard line. Ray Gagnon flipped a pass to Decensi for the extra point. With one minute left in the half, Donnie Troy fell on a fumbled interception, giving Pittsfield the ball on the Adams 32.

Adams marched once again in the third period. They pushed to the Pittsfield 7, after a 70 yard drive. Here, the Pittsfield line held and Marsh Wood's punt was good. However, Adams did not stop, but came back 34 yards in four plays to score again. The extra point attempt failed.

Late in the final period a neat Debacher to Mlynarczyk pass netted 16 yards, but Pittsfield was unable to capitalize on its gain.

The game was highlighted by the running of Decensi and Jasinski; the punting of Marsh Wood; the excellent game of ex-fullback John Trasatti as tackler and the never-beaten spirit of Captain Billy Flynn.

HOLYOKE 14—P. H. S. 0

On Saturday, October 5, P. H. S. went down to defeat before a dynamic Holyoke eleven. Not only did Holyoke have a good defense, it had a surprisingly good offensive team also. Their triple-threat, Bill Morgan, gained 113 yards in 17 carries. Their first touchdown was a pass from Morgan to Beauchamp half-way in the second quarter. A 19-yard run by Morgan in the third quarter brought the ball on the P. H. S. 16-yard line. Then Viamari made a run for 16 yards for their second and final score of the game. Both conversions by Lally were good.

Joe Ditello gave the best performance for P. H. S. as he made four vicious tackles in the final period and carried the ball for an eleven yard gain in one attempt.

During the half, an amusing incident took place on the P. H. S. side. A little boy walked cautiously past the P. H. S. cheering section, then to everyone's surprise his little voice rang out in a mocking tone, "Yah, Yah, we're ahead and you ain't going to win," and the last anyone saw of him was the dust he left behind as he scampered between the spectators.

Holyoke's band and majorettes gave a very good performance for both P. H. S. and Holyoke, as they played P. H. S. and Holyoke's school songs, on respective sides, while their majorettes performed their skillful art of twirling batons. The Holyoke cheerleaders included a boy who gave an exciting and acrobatic performance.

PITTSFIELD 13—TECH 0

On September 27, Pittsfield High played its first night football game at home. The 6,500 fans at Wahconah Park watched P. H. S. score a most impressive triumph over Tech High of Springfield. The last and only time Tech had fallen before Pittsfield was a 13 to 12 contest in 1938.

In the first period the much heavier Tech team pushed to the Pittsfield 11. Then came

the best play of the night. Donnie Troy, finding a hole in the line's right side sprinted out into the open chased by two prospective tacklers. Jim Pechewlys, P. H. S. tackle, took care of one, while Donnie switched his field at the Tech 30 and scored standing up. Tony Sacchetti split the uprights.

In the second period P. H. S. rolled again, Dom Diczko making gains of 5 and 7 yards. Marsh Wood passed to Kasuba, who in turn lateraled to Troy. This play netted 16 yards. The half ended with Pittsfield holding the ball on Tech's twelve-yard line.

After an exchange of punts in the second half, untouchable Donnie Troy wiggled his way 25 yards by the midfield stripe, but a fumble lost another scoring chance. There were exchanges of fumbles and interceptions, the ball finally resting on Tech's 32 in the hands of P. H. S. Then Marty Wood flipped a neat 40-yard pass, which Troy caught over his shoulder in baseball-like style. Donnie was in the end zone when he made the spectacular catch. Tony Sacchetti's kick was nullified by a holding penalty and his second attempt from 15 yards further out was blocked. The final score was Pittsfield 13—Tech 0.

Don Kasuba, Jerry Scutt, and Chunkey Danford were injured in the contest. All except Danford were ready for the next game. Special credit is due to the three Donalds; Kasuba, Hayford, and Debacher, and to Bill Paris on their fine defensive play, and to Jim Pechewlys for his blocking. Donnie Troy was literally great. He gained 148 yards in 10 carries, bringing his average for two games to better than 10 yards per carry. Hamilton, Korbut, Anton, and Lodigani played an excellent game for the clean-cut team from Springfield.

* * * *

Mr. Gorman would have this little moron expelled because he thought "do" was something you baked.

GREENFIELD 13—PITTSFIELD 7

On September 21, at Beacon Field, the Western Massachusetts Champs were pressed to the last seconds of play in a hectic 13-7 victory over the Fox-coached P. H. S. football team.

The first touchdown came in the initial period on a 32-yard drive by Greenfield's left halfback Harold Duncan. The extra point attempt failed. However, the Pittsfield High team was not beaten. The kickoff was followed by an exchange of punts. "Rit" Arpante, took the latter of the punts, and pursued by a host of tacklers, raced from his own 44 to Greenfield's 41. Two plays later, Donnie Troy took a pass from Marsh Wood on about the 30. With fine blocking and a neat broken field run, Donnie went all the way to knot the score. Amazing Tony Sacchetti easily kicked the extra point and put Pittsfield ahead. At the half Pittsfield led 7 to 6.

The second half was well fought. Early in the last period, Greenfield marched 72 yards for a touchdown. "Mickey" Rogerson scored the touchdown on a 14-yard buck. The kick was good. During the rest of the contest, Greenfield, aided by a heavy rain, held the Foxmen in check. Greenfield won 13 to 7.

The P. H. S. team made a favorable impression on all. Donnie Troy ran well, gaining 30 yards in seven carries. Tony Sacchetti's kick was perfect. Jerry Scutt and Marty Wood were P. H. S. iron men. Minnie Henriques, Donald Hayford, and Bob Archambeault made some nice tackles, while Jim Pechewlys and Captain Bill Flynn threw many good blocks. Bill Paris played a fine all-around game, his blocking and kicking were exceptional.

GIRLS' SPORTS

FIELD HOCKEY

The field hockey tournament is in full swing with sophomores, juniors, and seniors all fighting for the championship. Who will win it? That's hard to tell. The sophomores are new, but they are taking to the game like a fish takes to water, and they made the choosing of their team difficult for Miss Morgan and Miss McNaughton.

The sophomores chosen for their team are: Irene Zajchowski, Norma Fitch, Joan Eagan, Elaine Thebodo, Claire Beroldi, Elaine Paduano, Olga Tataro, Joanne Masterson, Joanne Reder, Ilene Zajchowski, Katherine Nicola, Connie Douillett, and Betty Bianchi.

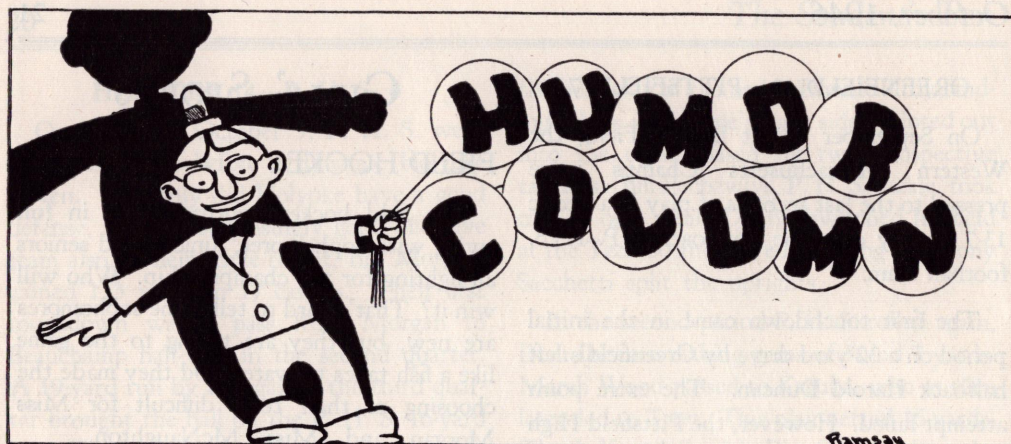
The zealous juniors are Marjorie Leahy, Alma Rosenfield, Jane Cazavelan, Jean Keefe, Phyllis Mastrangelo, Virginia Dittmar, Catherine Komuniecki, Joan Holleran, Mary Granfield, and Barbara May.

Rosemary Eagan, Mildred Barnes, Beth Harrington, Margaret Beahan, Rosemary Elworthy, Barbara Komuniecki, Marjorie Quillard, Lorraine Hanford, Emma Lewis, Dot Prendergast, and Janet Ellis are the ever-fighting seniors.

BADMINTON

"Not so high!" "That was a nice one!" "Aren't these new birdies neat?" "My point!" These are the cries you would hear if you strolled by the gym any Tuesday afternoon. Several badminton games would be going on in full swing.

This game seems to attract the old standbys including Rosemary Eagan, Mildred Barnes, Beth Harrington, Barbara Helliwell, and Jacqueline Gagnier for the seniors. Claire and Alma Rosenfield, Dolores Mueller, and Marjorie Harrington are holding the fort for the juniors.



Miss Carmel: "Catherine, are you eating candy?"

Catherine: "No, Miss Carmel, only a life saver."

Mr. Geary: "You should always begin at the bottom and work up."

Flynn: "Not when you're learning to swim."

Senior: "How do you like the night games?"

Soph: "Swell, until they turn the lights on."

"Are they high school men?"

"No, merely high school boys, just sophomores."

"Oh! they're not the finished product?"

"No, merely—'Rah' material."

Miss Baker: "Of what use is Greek?"

Jones: "Why-er-you use it in Greek societies like Beta, Delta and Sigma."

Junior: "I see you're using the dictionary. Do you find it interesting?"

Soph: "No, amusing. It spells words so different from the way I spell them."

What did the moron do when the teacher told him he was odd?

He said he would get even.

Mr. Innis, standing before a particularly quiet Spanish class, inquired who would like to read the translation? On receiving no audible answer, he pointed to M. R. and said, "Marilyn, you're a Reder."

Amo, amas, amat,

Don't use a Latin trot.

For marks that are good,

Do work as you should,

'Cause the teachers know what you've got.

Notice to all sophomore teachers: If at first you don't succeed—try—try a gun.

New teacher (thinking that the students had to line up as they left the room): "Rise, students. Single line. Now double up, and pass out quietly."

Larry: "My girl reminds me of a fruit cake."

Jerry: "I never knew she was heavy."

Larry: "Oh—she isn't, but she sure is dense."

Those sophs! At the Tech-Pittsfield game I overheard one say:

"Oh—Billy Flynn, he's 42, isn't he?"

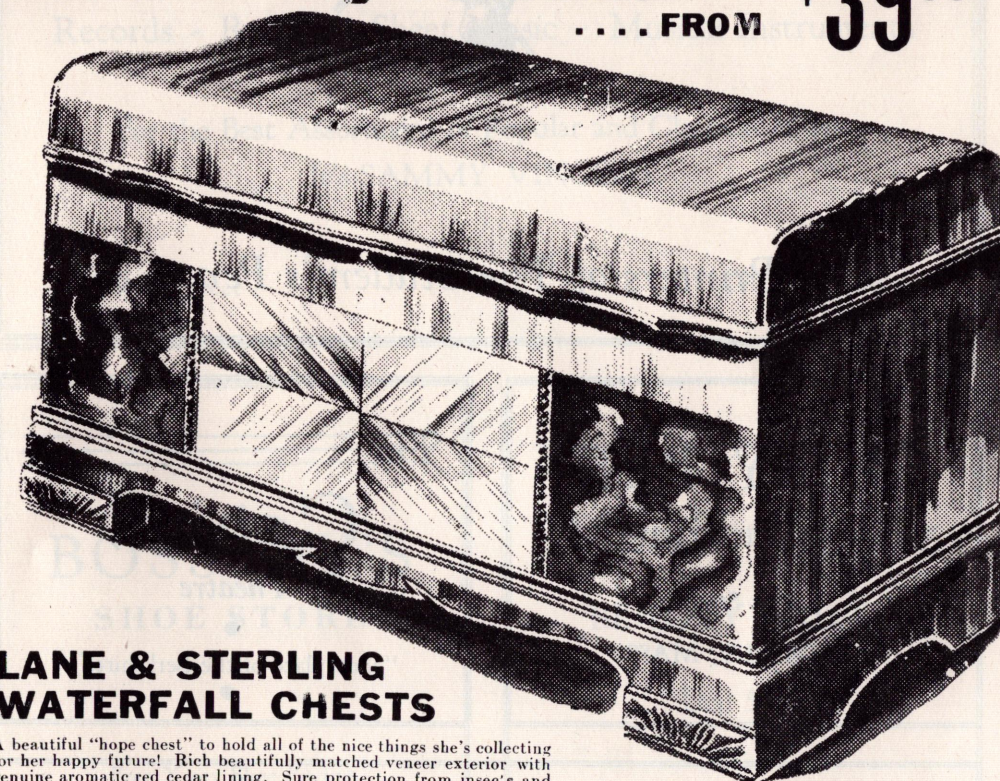
"Why no," said another soph, "he couldn't be more than 18."



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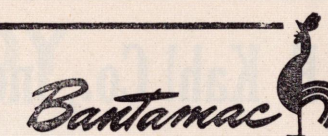
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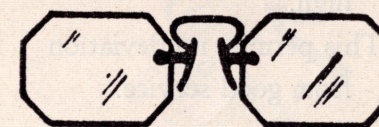
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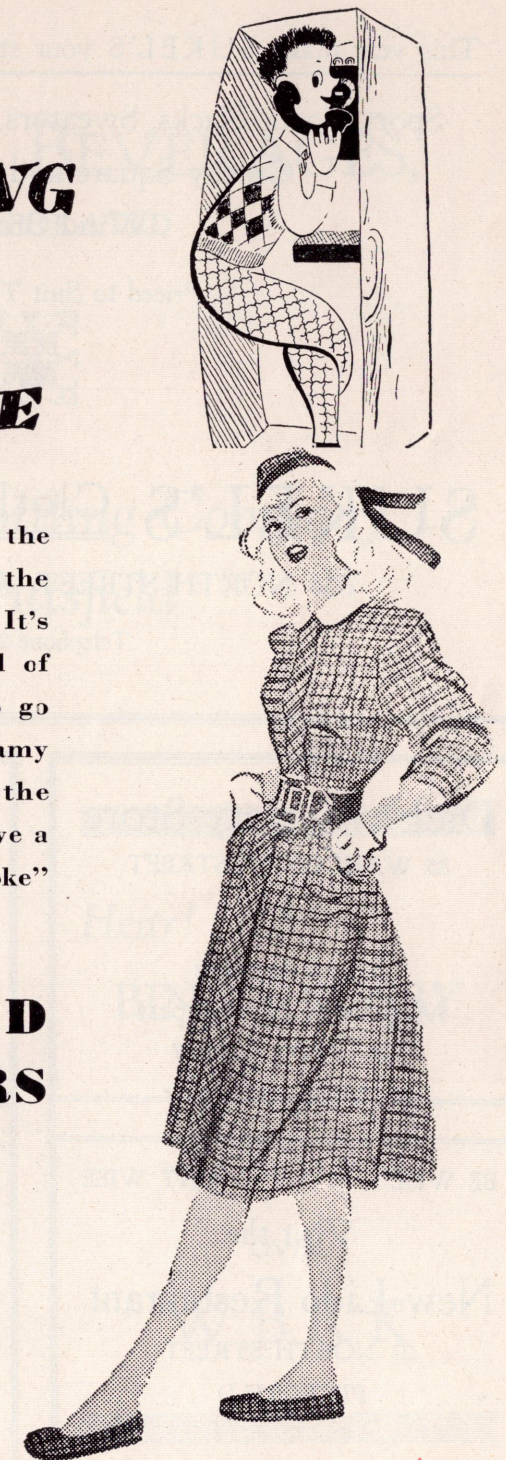
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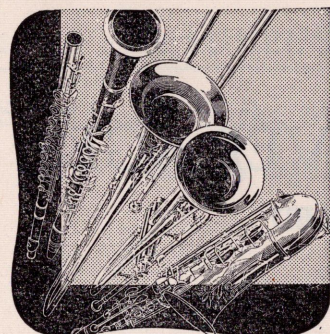
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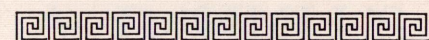
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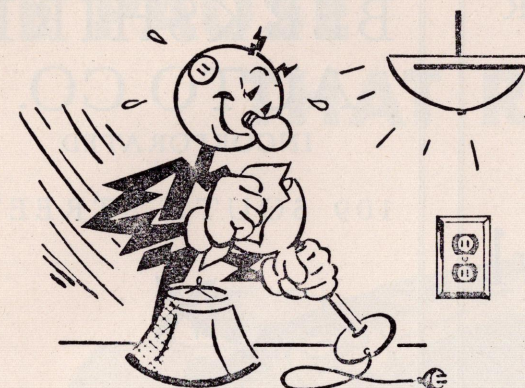
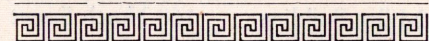
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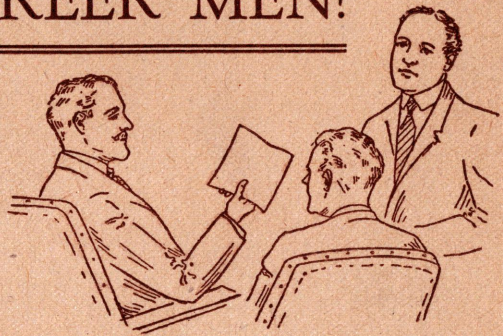
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